THANKSGIVING.

Now the jocund year has flown.
Spring, with her green broideries
And starlike flowers, and loafing trees,
Is far off, faded and unknown.

Where, too, is summer's opulent fame?
The pomp of woods, the singing bird,
Are now of things not seen or heard
In autumn's ebbing, flickering flame.

But lately flashed October's blaze
Of baffling beauty on our way.
Now it, with all the march from May,
Lies dead and hidden from human gaze.

But while the sun is in the sky
Memory will still reclaim the past.
And who shall fear the wintry blast
Or arctic cold when snowflakes fly?

The largess of the barn and bin,
The rick in many a garnered field,
The things the farm and garden yield,
Are ours, and they are gathered in.

Let us be glad the circling year
Has brought its gifts so manifold—
The beauty of the wood and wold—
And for the thought that life is dear.

Let us give thanks for everything
Within the swift year's ebb and flow.
All lives must meet their cold and snow,
But at the end comes jubilant spring!

JOEL BENTON.

MISS TRUDY'S VIEWS.

A THANKSGIVING STORY BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

[Copyright, 1897, by the Author.]

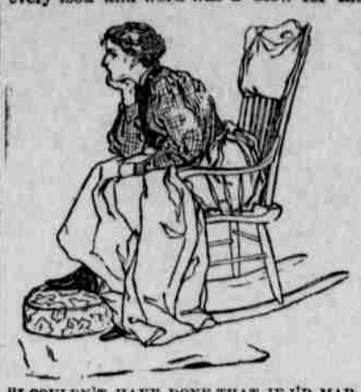
The long wire of the doorbell was still vibrating when Miss Trudy, a woman of quick motions, shut the front door to which she had been summoned by a Thanksgiving beggar, having run there at once, with a pie out of the batch she always baked to give away on Thanksgiving. She did not know who the person was, but the person evidently knew her and said: "Thank you, Miss Trudy. This pie gives both of us reason for thanksgiving—me that I've got it, you that you can give it."

"Humph!" said Miss Trudy. "If I hadn't any better reason than that for thanksgiving, I shouldn't say much about it." And then she went back to her pretty little sitting room, its blazing fire and rugs and rocking chair, its peacock feathers and fruits and the great fragrant lemon tree that she had raised herself from a seed. She sat down before the fire and turned back the skirt of her gown over her knees, showing, had there been any one to see, a foot still delicate and pretty as when Geoffrey Masters used to pull on its overshoe—dear, dear, how many years ago! "Yes," said Miss Trudy to herself, "I should say I had some better reasons for thanksgiving than just that I can give away squash and mince pies, though that's a good deal. I've reason to thank the Lord for a whole procession of blessings. Yes, and the first and cheapest of them all is that I'm a single woman and my own master. I can turn round without anybody's leave, and there's no man here sluttering up. If that isn't a blessing, what is? And then there's this house. It's mine. Aunt Gertrude left me a trifle of money for my name, and I put it out at interest, and in 20 years it bought me this house, this garden, this little orchard of peach and pear and plum and apple trees, this pasture, this cow and this grapevine. And I've got what I had before to live on and a little for the poor. I couldn't have done that if I'd married. Yes, I used to think it hard times when Geoffrey Masters led me such a dance, making my heart beat so I was afraid he'd see it, and then going away the Lord knows where without a word when I'd all but made up my mind to marry him. But I'm sure it was a merciful escape.

"Yes, those were cruel days. Don't tell me about old fools! There's no fool like a young fool! And that man made me suffer once. Yes, he did. It gives me a sinking now to remember the nights I used to watch for him and he didn't come. I never could bear to look at the stars on a clear winter's night since! Humph—yes—well, we do outgrow things, if we live long enough, and that's a reason for thanksgiving, I'm sure. Yes, I'm an old maid, and I'm thankful for it. I've often said I wouldn't marry the best man living; I wouldn't marry the pope of Rome himself if he was to ask me. I'm my own property, and everything about me is my own, and I can give away a dollar without asking. Jane can't. Look at Jane—she can't say her soul's her own. And yet when she was at home she used to rule all the rest of us children with a rod of iron. And now she says to Jaired, 'Dear, I think I'll go down town today if you'll let me have the horse.' And he says: 'Can't have the horse. What you want down town? Always gadding. Place for a woman's home—enough to do at home. Stay at home!' And she's staid at home till everything's so blue she can't see it. People thought Jane was doing great things when she married Jaired—splendid farm, wood lots, bank stock, a horse and chaise and a herd of Jerseys—and she's never had a cent to spend from that day to this, for he took what belonged to her and locked it up with his for the children. I don't suppose she could get it if she made a row, but nobody wants hot water all the time, and she wears a calico and I wear alpaca, and I don't know the day she's had a new bonnet.

"And look at Esie—just the sweetest, softest hearted girl that ever lived, and she's never had any children of her own except the little girl that died, and she's longed for them, and her arms have ached for them and she'd give half her life for another—though that's not saying much, for she don't value her life a straw—and she's married to Harry Farnsworth. And his sister, a widow with one child—a little angel out of heaven if ever there was one—came home one day and died. And there was the boy, and Harry couldn't afford to board him out, and so Esie had to take care of him. And she did. And she grew to love him so that her whole soul was bound up in him. And Harry, he hated that boy's father, and instead of loving the child used to be all the time looking for the father's traits in him. And then he began to get jealous of the child; not that he loved Esie so much—he never loved anybody but himself. And the more he saw Esie cared for the child the more he let it be seen he didn't care for him.

"He didn't strike him—oh, no, Harry Farnsworth didn't strike him—but his every look and word was a blow for the



"I COULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT IF I'D MARRIED."

sensitive little creature. He never praised the poor dear for anything he did, let him try ever so hard to please him; he never smoothed his hair or patted his cheek or gave him a kind word or any other word. Sometimes he'd look at him with his big eyes so like a wolf that the boy would have to run crying out of the room, and then he'd sneer at him for a bawl baby. Because the boy loved birds and flowers and all outdoors he called him a girl baby, and because he was delicate and a little thing made him feverish he called him a humbug. But, oh, how dear the child was to Esie! How she loved him! She would sit with her arms round him in the twilight, when Harry was off driving his fast horses or doing nobody knows what, and feel the child's dear little head on her heart, and lay her cheek on his and love him so or lie down beside him at night and feel his arms round her neck, and his dear breath on her face, and his soft, sweet kisses, and it was a joy and a comfort to her—Harry taking his pleasure somewhere else—and all the joy and comfort she had anyway. And she would feel she could endure the one as long as she had the other, though no child, if he was one of the angels, will make up to a wife for her husband's neglect of her. And she used to look forward to the child's growing up and growing into all she wanted him to be, and her having him and his love when she was old—and it was about all she had to look forward to, and goodness knows she hasn't much to look backward on, for her whole married life before that baby came had been just a slavery to his folks, the old father and mother who gave him the place if he'd take care of them, and they saw to it that he did, and that she did too. They just walked right over her and sat down on her, and she was soft enough to cry when they died.

"And there's another thing, I'm sure—I'm sure it's a reason for thanksgiving, if ever there was one, that I didn't marry Harry Farnsworth. I guess I'd have strangled him. I couldn't despise him any more than I do! Humph! Yes—well, Harry Farnsworth! And there's my other sister, Louisa. How she did set her heart on Larry Wellman! And I didn't wonder. He was the most engaging fellow. And handsome, too—handsome as an archangel, his great blue eyes full of heavenly light, and his yellow hair in masses, and his face as if it was cut out of marble, and when I looked at him I always thought of the morning star. And people said he was going to be anything he chose—minister, senator, president. And he had a little something, and they got married. And she was in this world or the next. And so was he. And the first thing she knew he came home one night and went to bed with his boots on. And she's never had a day's peace from that hour to this. And he's never come to anything, and they live from hand to mouth any way they can. She never knows how he's coming home, drunk or sober, and she never dares to go anywhere with him, she's so sure of being shamed out of her life by his getting so's to be foolish, and she never dares to have any company because she couldn't endure their seeing him and scorning him, she trying to keep secret what all the world knows.

"What a woman wants to marry for who's got enough to live on without marrying passes me. She can't go anywhere, she can't do anything, she can't give away, she can't invite home, she can't draw an independent breath. She is a cipher, a nonentity; she hasn't a right to herself or her children or her labor or her property. Marry! And what in the world for? To lose her freedom, to give herself a master, to make herself a slave. Humph—yes—well—if I thank the Lord more for one thing than another it's that I'm a single woman and going to remain so! There goes that bell again, and there's only one more pie left besides the minister's." And Miss Trudy ran into the pantry and seized the pie and hurrying to the door opened it and thrust out the pie into the night, crying: "There! It's the last one! Take it!"

"I don't want your pie, Trudy," said a deep voice from the darkness, and a hand laid hold of her own as she started back, and a stalwart form came into the beam of light and mounted the step and entered the door and closed it behind him. "I don't want your pie, Trudy, I want you."

"Geoffrey! Geoffrey Masters!" she cried in a fainting voice, and caught his arm for support an instant. "I—I didn't know you—I didn't expect"—

"No," he said, "I don't believe you did. Nobody did. I didn't myself. I didn't suppose myself I'd ever see you again." And he led her in and seated her in the chair she had just left and took another opposite.

"Where did you come from, Geoffrey?" stammered Miss Trudy, when she could speak.

"Nowhere," said Geoffrey.

"And where are you going?" she resumed, after a little.

"Nowhere," he replied again.

"The fact is, Trudy," he said presently, after warming his hands at the blaze and quite as if they had parted yesterday, "I haven't been very lucky. I went away in pursuit of pastime. I haven't caught up with her yet. I'm back after 25 years of it, tired out, without a dollar in my pocket or any clothes but these I stand in. And I looked at the old house that had strangers in it and I looked at the old graves that held all my people and I wasn't going to become a tramp, and there was nothing left for me but the river out here. And I saw this light and came this way, I didn't know why, and I looked in the window and saw you. You haven't changed much in these 25 years, Trudy. I'd have known you anywhere—the same old rose in your cheek, the same soft fire in your eye. I've been looking at you this last hour and it's all been rushing over me, the things I'd half forgotten—the old evenings under the stars, the old days upon the river. What a cursed fool I was to go after fortune and leave you!"

"Well," said Miss Trudy, not without some hesitation, "well, you've come back."

"Yes, I've come back." And there was another brief silence.

"Geoff," said Miss Trudy then, "what sort of life have you led since you've been gone?"

"About the average. Nothing much amiss. Nothing at all to my credit."

"Have you married?"

"No. There was always just enough remembrance of you to hinder."

"How's your temper?"

"Same as ever."

"Easy go lucky?"

"Perhaps so."

"You always were a spendthrift," said Miss Trudy."

"When I had money to spend, maybe."

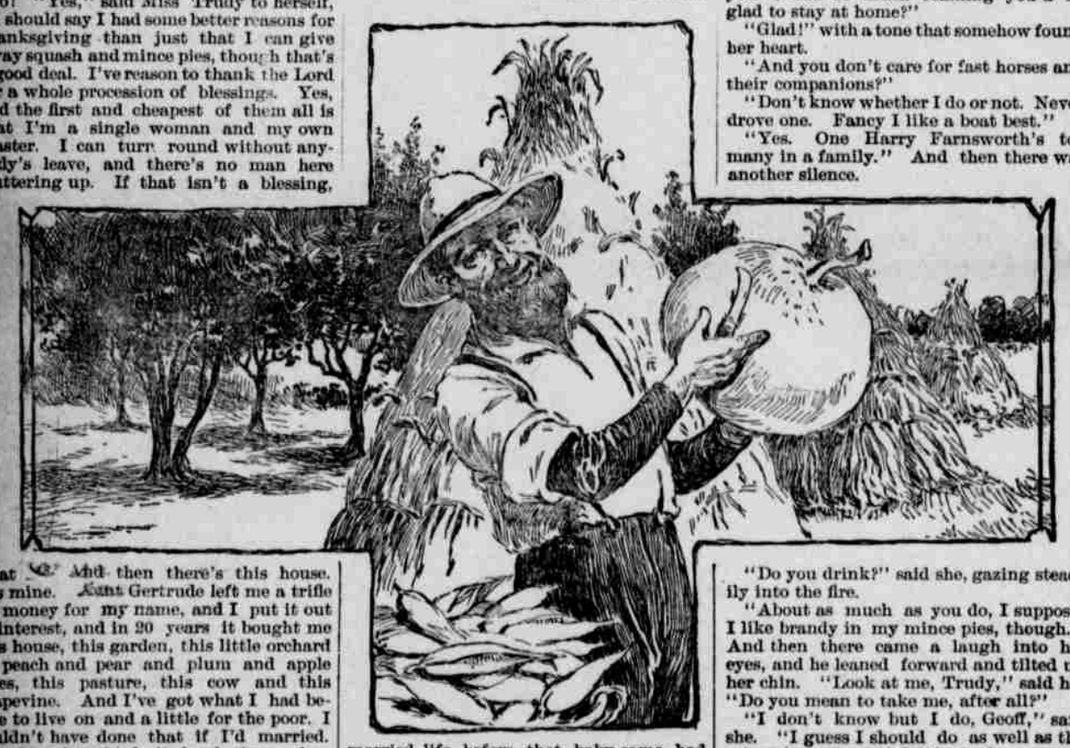
"Not likely to be now then," said Miss Trudy, half to herself. "However, one Jaired in a family's enough and to spare. I suppose," she added presently, "that you've had so much roaming you'd be glad to stay at home?"

"Glad!" with a tone that somehow found her heart.

"And you don't care for fast horses and their companions?"

"Don't know whether I do or not. Never drove one. Fancy I like a boat best."

"Yes. One Harry Farnsworth's too many in a family." And then there was another silence.



"Do you drink?" said she, gazing steadily into the fire.

"About as much as you do, I suppose. I like brandy in my mince pies, though." And then there came a laugh into his eyes, and he leaned forward and tilted up her chin. "Look at me, Trudy," said he. "Do you mean to take me, after all?"

"I don't know but I do, Geoff," said she. "I guess I should do as well as the others have done if I did. And, my goodness, there's the minister! I'd most forgot. He always comes for his chickens and tarts the night before Thanksgiving."

"Then take me now," said Geoff. "I've got nothing. I'm nobody, but we might be happy yet."

"With a sort of afternoon happiness," said Miss Trudy, swallowing a sob.

"We can go down hill together. Here's my purse. Quick! You'll have to pay the minister."

And then there was a bustling noise of welcome as the minister and his wife came in for their customary basketful, and an

"NOWHERE."

outcry of surprise and question, and a few solemn moments of low spoken words, and another bustling noise of adieus, and Miss Trudy stepped outdoors after the minister and his wife a moment to look at the stars in the clear wintry sky. "If you'd just as lief, call into Jane's or Louisa's as you go by," exclaimed Miss Trudy after the departing pair, "and say you guessed I'd done about as well as the others, after all." And then Geoff drew her in and shut and bolted the door.

"Do you know," remarked Miss Trudy, looking up from her knitting as she sat by her husband's side a little later and after he had put fresh coal upon the fire—"do you know I somehow feel as if I were 20 years old again, Geoff, and you were 22. We've got a great deal to be thankful for, haven't we? Tomorrow's Thanksgiving day. Did you know it? Humph—well—yes—I don't see that I've got a better reason for thanksgiving than that you've come home, Geoff, and I've married you!"

A DINNER IN FLORIDA

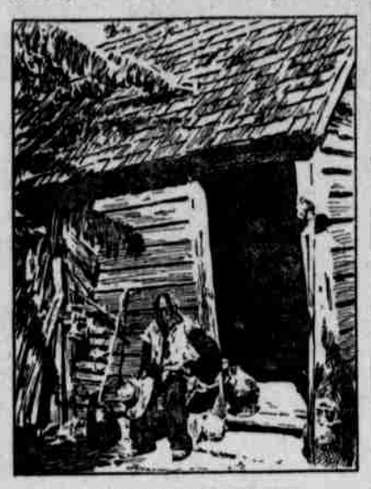
SHOOTING ON AN OLD ABANDONED PLANTATION.

Wild Turkey For a Thanksgiving Repast. Daddy Paddy as a Guide and a Cook. Game That Is Fast Passing Away—Two Good Shots.

[Copyright, 1897, by the Author.]

The first Thanksgiving I ever passed away from home found me encamped on the banks of Blue spring, about 100 miles from the mouth of the St. Johns river, in the midst of a wild orange grove.

I was then, as now, an enthusiastic hunter, and soon after I had pitched my



DADDY PADDY AND HIS HUT.

tent was scouring the country adjacent for game. The bare piny woods, with their scant soil and tall trees, offered little in the way of real sport except a few flocks of quails and now and then a deer or a fox squirrel. It so happened that I had extremely bad luck that Thanksgiving week, and my primitive larder on the morning of the eventful day contained nothing more than some salt pork, bacon and hard tack, with a few vegetables.

The grove in which my tent was pitched belonged to an abandoned plantation, and not far away, in the center of a half wild garden, lived one of the ancient retainers of the departed household in a little, tumble down shanty. He was an old negro, known as Daddy Paddy, who claimed to have come into Florida when it was an Indian possession and to have been at one time a slave of Coachochee, the Seminole "Wildcat." He was over 90 years old, anyway, for he could tell tales of the times of Andrew Jackson and was at the battle of New Orleans. He always insisted, however, that General Washington was present at that memorable event, declaring with great pertinacity that if he did not take part in the fight he was "thar or tharabouts." His wrinkled skin was black as ebony, but his wool and his eyebrows were white as snow, giving to this old man the air and dignity of a patriarch.

Early in the morning, while the dew was still glistening on the grass blades and the river hidden beneath banks of mist, I took my gun and sauntered down toward the garden where Daddy Paddy had his dwelling place, intending to hunt the hammock that lay beyond it.

I saw his white, woolly head bobbing about among the fig and oleander trees, and as I threw my leg over the snake fence he saw me and cried out excitedly: "Hi, dar, massa! Lemme tell yo' me jes' see de bigges' gobblah may eyes eber look at. Fac' done shuah yo', massa."

"Which way did he go, Daddy? Tell me, quick! We haven't any time to lose." The old man turned and gazed at me with an air of offended dignity in face and attitude, notwithstanding his bent form and shaking limbs.

"Look heah, massa. 'Pears toe me youse puttin on aihs. Now, whose am dat tuhkey? Am it yorn, or am it mine? Le's settle dat ques'ion right now on dis spot."

"Well, it won't be anybody's if we don't get after it soon, will it? Come now, Daddy, don't lose time fooling. Tell me which way he went."

"Dat ain' what me axes yo'. Am it yorn, or am it mine? I'm de one dat sees de tuhkey an puts yo' on de trail. Now, de ques'ion am, Ef we git um, whose am it?"

"Well, Daddy, if we get the turkey, which looks mighty doubtful, you'll have your share. Does that satisfy you?"

"Yessir, dat am de talk. Oh, we git um shuah 'nuff! Dat ar tuhkey am goin toe be our meat. When me see tuhkey fly dat away, me knows ezackly whar toe fin um, sah. An, wha's mo', he am likely toe hab hen tuhkeys wiv um, sah. Now go mosey right 'long fer dat big pine on de aige ob de hammik, an ole Daddy'll foller behin yo'."

The old man went back to set a stick up against his door, to keep it fastened during his absence, then began to hobble after me.

Finally after more than an hour of agonizingly slow progress we came to the border of a broad savanna, where we stopped under the shade of a wide spreading live oak, and Daddy gave me final instructions.

"See dat lone palmeeter ober dah by de creek? Well, right beyon dat palmeeter am a buhn (tract of grass recently burned over), an, boy, shuah's yo's alibe, dah is tuhkeys right dar! Git down on yo' knees an cra'l, keerful, keerful, along de aige ob de hammik, an when yo' gits neah de palmeeter yo' raise up an gib it toe 'em—pam! Yo' un'stan wha' me done tole yo', boy?"

"Yes, Daddy, I understand." My respect for the old man had increased since he had shown himself so well informed regarding wild turkey habits, and I followed his instructions implicitly. Casting myself prone upon the grass, I painfully worked my way toward the spot indicated by Daddy, my heart beating loudly at the prospect of a near shot at the turkeys. In front of me, after I had accomplished my painful journey, was a natural screen of ligh grasses and scrub palmetto, and to prove Daddy Paddy's prediction correct I had only to rise to my feet and peer over it. Taking off my hat and slowly assuming a stooping posture, raising my head inch by inch, I peered cautiously through the grass tops, but suddenly dropped to the ground, clutching my gun, my hands shaking as in an ague fit.

The sight before me on the burned space near the creek for the moment unnerved me, for it was the first time in my life that I had beheld wild turkeys at short range and in a large flock. There were nine of them there—a great, bronze hued gobbler, whose glossy plumage shone like burnished copper and gold in the morning sun, and eight hen turkeys, all feeding quietly, not more than 50 yards away!

The remembrance of my lean larder, without even a bit of meat for the Thanksgiving dinner, nerved me for a supreme effort, and, quieting my trembling hands, by a mighty effort of will power I again essayed a look at the game, holding my gun ready to fire the very second my head appeared above the grass.

Yes, there they were, still feeding on the burn, as yet unconscious of my presence. But just as I ran my eye along the brown barrel of my trusty gun the old gobbler raised his head, and his bright eye caught a glimpse of danger. Too late, however. Just as those burnished wings were spread for flight a puff of smoke told of the danger lurking behind that clump of grass and palmetto. The proud head fell to the ground, and the glorious bird lay sprawling, with its quivering wings outstretched.

His flock did not wait to see what the matter was, but were off at once, beating the air with vibrant wings, but not before a second shot from the second barrel had sent the rear bird of the flock tumbling to earth, a ruffled heap of glistening feathers, not ten yards distant from its slaughtered mate.

"Hurrah!" I shouted, leaping forth in great excitement, but not forgetting to eject the empty shells from my gun and slip in two loaded ones as I ran along.

"There he is, Daddy; there's our Thanksgiving dinner. The biggest turkey in Florida, I'll bet a dollar. Thirty pounds if he is an ounce. And there's a hen, too. Both of 'm dead as nails!"

"Didn' me done tole yo' so? Didn' me said dah tuhkeys on de buhn?" demanded the old negro as he hobbled up fast as his shaking limbs could carry him.

"So you did, Daddy; so you did. If it hadn't been for you I'd never have seen them. You've got a great head, Daddy, sure enough."

"Jes so, jes so, ma boy. Me done tole yo' so." And the old man wagged his woolly head sagely and chuckled to himself. He insisted upon "toting" the hen turkey, while I carried the gobbler, and we both were tired when we reached his garden and my camp. We had a long dispute about the division of the spoils, each one insisting that the other was entitled to the larger bird. It was finally decided that we would "bwile" the hen and roast the gobbler, and that Daddy Paddy should have all he wanted of either or both. "Dat am de bes' way," he shrewdly observed, "fo' ef me hab whole tuhkey toe mase'f, him done spwile befo' me eat um up."

GATHERED ROUND THE FESTIVE BOARD.

Daddy was a famous cook in the heyday of the old plantation's glory and he soon proved to me that his prestige had not suffered, despite his 90 years. Scooping an oven out of a clay bank he dressed the gobbler and placed him therein on a bed of glowing coals and watched over and basted him so assiduously that I am ready to aver that no dinner that day in all Florida was better cooked or eaten with a greater relish. We had baked potatoes, Irish and sweet, turnips and celery, wherewith to garnish the bird, oranges from our own trees and tobacco to smoke that I had ordered expressly by the last boat from down the river.

"Dis all rumminds me," murmured Daddy contentedly, "we didn' useter hab no T'anksgibin in ole slabery times, sah. Chris'mus—dat de season when de tuhkey fluttah, sah. But it am all de same, howsomebber. T'ank de Lawd, we uns hab 'nuff toe eat fo' once shorely. An may de good Lawd presarb we uns toe enj'y de Chris'mus comin an mek we uns lucky 'nuff toe fin' dem tuhkeys a-runnin wile in de hammick. An don' yo' forgit, ma boy, dat ef it wan't fer de ole man yo' no hab tuhkey fo' dinnah. No sah, no Daddy, no gobblah; don' forgit dat!"

FRED A. OBER.

DAVE BARKER'S TURKEYS.

They Were Won by a Neck on the Pizen Creek Trail.

"One time when I was hung I felt reel offended," Rubberneck Bill said reflectively as he deftly shot the cork into a bottle of pepper sauce on a shelf in Pizen Creek's general store and promptly settled for the damages. "It wasn't the bein hung that hurt my feelin's, but it was the way the thing was done. I don't mind bein hung now an then when there's a reasonable excuse fer my doin a jig step on the atmosfeer, but when men treats me as Dave Barker an One Eyed Eddie done that Thanksgivin day three years ago I kicks, an kicks powerful hard.

"Ye see, I am ridin along the Pizen Creek trail when I sees Dave an Eddie ahead talkin about me. Knowin Dave well, I never thinks o' plannin fer a gun play, an consekently this yere Barker gits the drop on me.

" 'What's stampedin ye, Dave?' says I, hands up.

" 'Oh, nothin much,' he says quietly. 'I been tellin this yere stranger, One Eyed Eddie, about yer havin a rubber neck that's proof ag'in hangin, an he bets me this brace o' wild turkeys ag'in a rifle that yer blamed neck ain't no better in a hangin bee than any other old neck. Bein a dead game sport, I have tooken him up. Git down offen yer hoss.'

" 'What fer?' says I.

" 'What fer?' repeats he, surprised like. 'What fer? Why, ye derned fool, I'm jest goin to win them turkeys. Ye don't mind bein hung a few minutes, do ye?'

" 'I like yer gall,' says I. 'Of course I minds bein hung a few minutes. It lames my neck.'

" 'Too bad,' he says, sorrowful like, 'too bad ye don't like it, Bill, but I've gotter win them Thanksgivin turkeys. Do I win 'em, er do I not?' says he, pokin his gun into my eye.

" 'Ye do, Dave, ye suttenly do,' says I.

"An he did, dern him! They strings me up, an as I am alive an kickin—specially kickin—half an hour later Eddie pays the bet.

"But it was a derned shame, boys," Rubberneck Bill said plaintively. "Dave tried to square himself by invitin me to his Thanksgivin dinner, but it was only rubbin it in. What could I do in an eatin match ag'in two fat turkeys when I had a hull foot o' sore throat?" E. H. E.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

THE NATIONAL FESTIVAL, ITS ROOT AND USAGES.

Its Evolution From an Austere Occasion to One of Joy and Innocent Pleasure. The Symbol and Crowning Joy of the Feast.

[Copyright, 1897, by the Author.]

The American Thanksgiving festival, which has become such a national institution, has its root in ancient traditions and usages of a religious character. The New England Puritans, who felt their most congenial inspiration in the Old Testament, naturally sought in Hebraic suggestions, rather than those of other peoples, the special forms which they were inclined to follow. So it is that we find in the Hebrew Feast of the Tabernacles, which embodied the thank offering for the autumnal ingathering of the fruits of the year, the most natural source of the Puritan feast, which was alike religious and social in conception. Indeed Dr. Cotton Mather in one of the most famous of his sermons expressly draws the close parallel with fervid unction.

Yet it was widely divergent. The old Hebrews kept up the autumn feast for seven days, ending with an eighth in which they gave way to unbounded joy and frisked with an extravagance which would have been frowned on at any other season. We can hardly fancy this sensuous exuberance in connection with the Puritan feast. The iron handed, hard headed, thrifty souls who colonized New England found one day fully sufficient to spare from the productive use of their time even at a season when the need of work was far less pressing.

One can imagine an occasion of this kind two centuries ago. The religious idea lay at the base of it all, and sermons two or three hours long before dinner must have given the feast a delicious smack and gusto with the sauce of hunger. Then how the young folks must have quivered in the midriff while the half hour's grace still held them on the tenterhooks, as they snuffed the rich odors which lifted like incense from the unaccustomed delicacies. The spiritual exercitation fairly over, we can even now see the grim features of the elders relax into wintry smiles as they zealously pay the deferred debt owing to the inner man.

The founders of the American Thanksgiving seemed to have had a spite against Christmas. It smacked rankly of popery, and, what was even more monstrous to the settlers of Massachusetts bay, of that English prelacy the persecutions of which had been the motive of their own departure to a new world. So down to the Revolutionary war, indeed, the Christmas festival, with all its glorious traditions, had but little foothold in New England, while Thanksgiving was scarcely recognized out of its limits. With the formation of the new republic and the closer intimacy of the peoples of the states thus federated, their tastes and customs, once narrow and exclusive, began to blend. Christmas became as much an institution among the descendants of the Puritan settlers at last as in New York or New Orleans, and Thanksgiving mounted the hippogriff and scurried to every section of the land where yellow pumpkins shone in the cornfields and fat turkeys gobbled in the woods and barnyards. Long prior to Mr. Lincoln's setting the precedent of a proclamation of an autumnal Thanksgiving from the White House itself, the separate states had fallen into the habit of celebrating the same day in common. So that it had become the peculiar national festival before the great war president recommended to the country at large to thank God for the fruits of that terrible harvest which had been won not with plow and hoe and sickle, but with cannon and rifle and saber, on the same day which had been consecrated to the more peaceful conquests of the teeming earth.

The fact that Thanksgiving day even in New England becomes increasingly less and less of the religious institution, which is to be expressed in religious rite and church service, is significant. Clergymen commonly speak to sparsely peopled pews on that day and the giving of thanks takes a form best expressed in the homely saw, "The proof of the pudding is in the eating of it." Religion once taught that austerity and self sacrifice, even in the way of innocent pleasure, unlocked the gates of paradise. It permits us now to believe that love and kindness and hearty enjoyment of the goods bestowed by the Almighty Benefactor in moderation are fully as close to the golden keys. The essential flavor of our modern Thanksgiving goes far beyond the turkey stuffing, because there may be a question there as to truffles or oysters or Spanish chestnuts, but as to its being the day picked of all others for the festival of the family group in the larger sense, just as Christmas is the festival of the family in the special and narrow sense, there can be no question. This is the social gist of it. This, too, makes the day to the majority of Americans, who break up and disintegrate in their family cohesion more than any people in the world, peculiarly touching and sacred. It tends to renew the delights of family ties and knit afresh half parted strands of kinship. This has been the evolution of Thanksgiving day, and it makes it par excellence an occasion to be cherished, while certainly for this year in special, if we choose to return to the primitive thought of its institution, we have magnificent reason for returning thanks. Bounty of crops, high prices, reviving business and the boom of hope should give the finest possible smack to turkey and pumpkin pie. G. T. FERRIS.

"There's one consolation, anyway," sighed the old hen turkey as the farmer raised the fatal ax, "tomorrow I shall be young again!"

The eternal feminine, apparently, was still doing business at the old stand.